

KING OF THE OUTLAWS!!

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1934

BILLY THE KID

**ADVENTURE
MAGAZINE**

DROP IT,
BILLY—YOU'RE
SURROUNDED!!



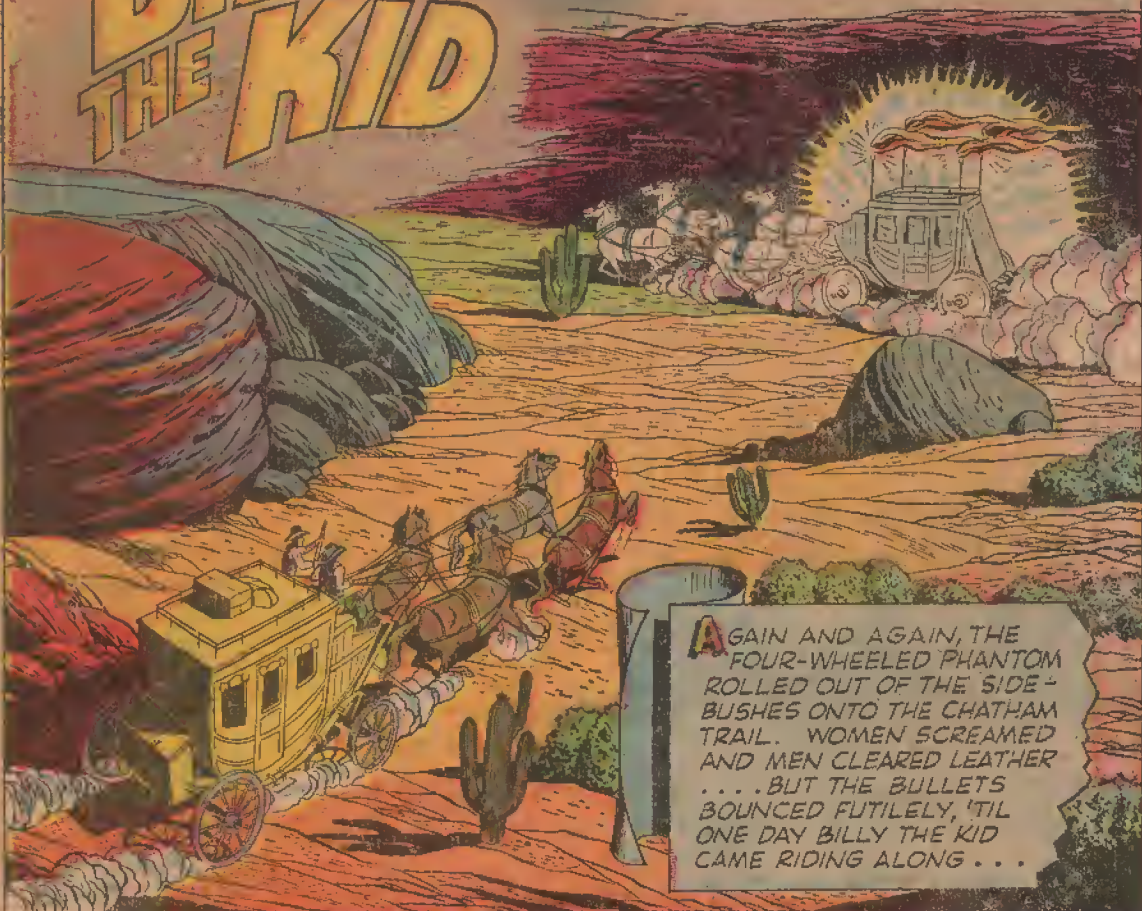


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BILLY THE KID

IN

"The PHANTOM STAGECOACH"



A GAIN AND AGAIN, THE FOUR-WHEELED PHANTOM ROLLED OUT OF THE SIDE-BUSHES ONTO THE CHATHAM TRAIL. WOMEN SCREAMED AND MEN CLEARED LEATHER . . . BUT THE BULLETS BOUNCED FUTILELY, 'TIL ONE DAY BILLY THE KID CAME RIDING ALONG . . .

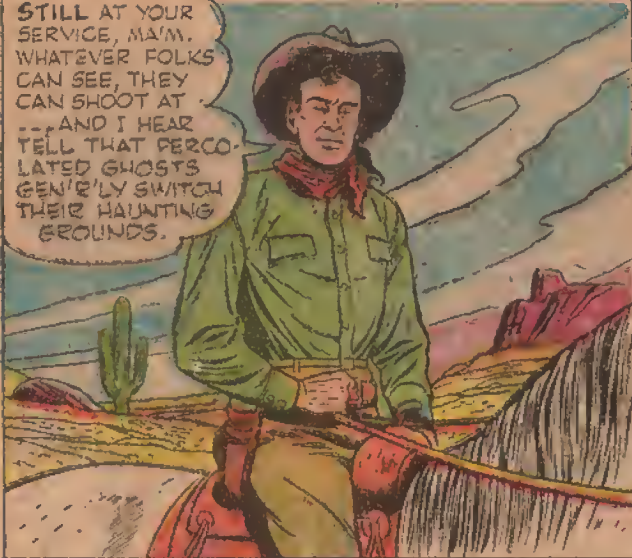
WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, MA'M?
I'LL BE GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE . . .



IT'S NO USE . . . NO ONE CAN HELP!
THE CHATHAM TRAIL IS HAUNTED . . .
AND NOW EVERYONE'S SCARED TO
USE MY PA'S STAGECOACH. PA'S GONNA
LOSE EVERY CENT HE EVER OWNED . . .



STILL AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM. WHATEVER FOLKS CAN SEE, THEY CAN SHOOT AT --- AND I HEAR TELL THAT PERCOLATED GHOSTS GEN'E'LY SWITCH THEIR HAUNTING GROUNDS.



YOU CAN'T PERCOLATE THESE GHOSTS! THEY COME IN THEIR FOUR-WHEELED PHANTOM ONLY WHEN MY PA'S STAGE RUNS THE TRAIL. HIS GUARDS HAVE SHOT AT THEM MANY A TIME... THE BULLETS ALWAYS BOUNCE!... I TOOK THE RIDE MYSELF ONE NIGHT JUST TO SEE IF FOLKS WERE CRAZY...



"THREE MILES OUT OF TOWN IT CAME ROLLING OUT OF THE BUSHES, DRIVERLESS, SHINING LIKE A BURNING CLOUD....."

WHOOOA-UP!

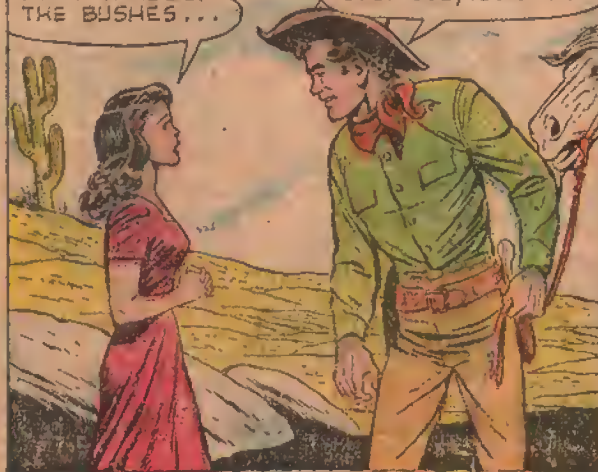


"THEN THEY SWARMED OUT... THE GHOSTS! NEVER SAID A WORD, JUST MOTIONED US TO GET OUT ON THE GROUND. THEY WERE PUSHING THE STAGE OVER WHEN I FIRED, POINT-BLANK, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED..."



THEN THEY CLIMBED BACK INTO THEIR PHANTOM STAGE AND DROVE AWAY THROUGH THE BUSHES...

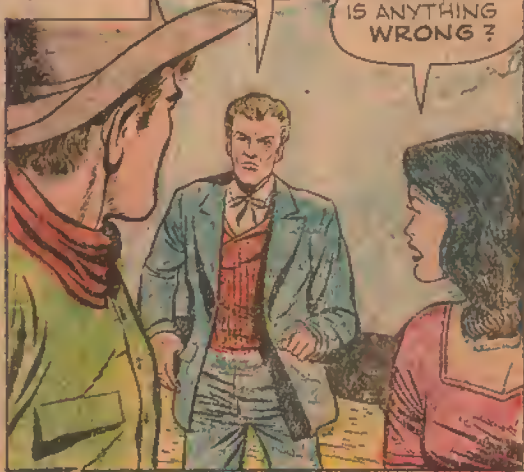
SOUNDS MIGHTY SPOOKY. YOUR PA'S BEING DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS, YOU SAY?

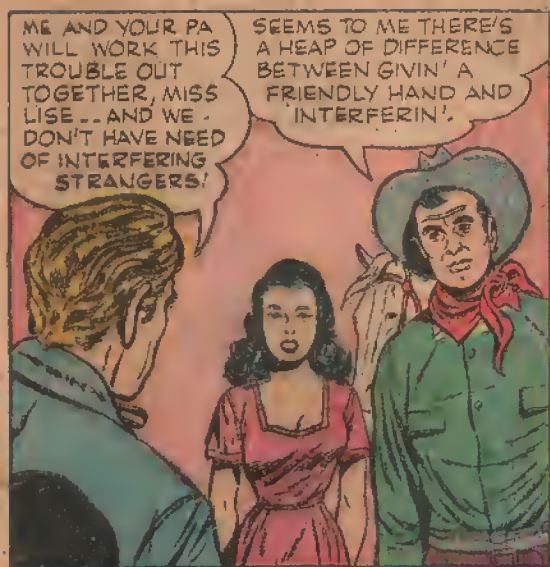


SUDDENLY A VOICE RASPS OUT...

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU, STRANGER?

HAL, WHAT'RE YOU DOING AWAY FROM THE OFFICE? IS ANYTHING WRONG?





ME AND YOUR PA
WILL WORK THIS
TROUBLE OUT
TOGETHER, MISS
LISE... AND WE
DON'T HAVE NEED
OF INTERFERING
STRANGERS!

SEEMS TO ME THERE'S
A HEAP OF DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN GIVIN' A
FRIENDLY HAND AND
'INTERFERIN'.



YOUR PA WANTS TO SEE
YOU AT THE OFFICE RIGHT
QUICK. SOMETHING VERY
IMPORTANT, HE SAYS.

MIND IF I
COME ALONG,
MA'M?



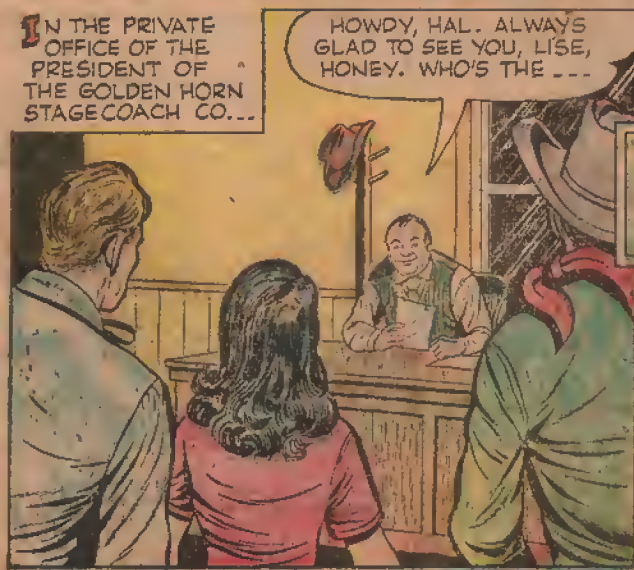
WELL...

I'M WARNING YOU, STRANGER...
YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NOSE IN
WHERE IT'S NOT WELCOME...



BEING MY PA'S BOOKKEEPER DOESN'T
GIVE YOU LEAVE TO BOSS ME AND
MY FRIENDS AROUND, HAL MARLIN!
YOU WANT TO MEET
MY FATHER, SIR?
COME RIGHT
ALONG.

MUCH OBLIGED,
MA'M.



IN THE PRIVATE
OFFICE OF THE
PRESIDENT OF
THE GOLDEN HORN
STAGE COACH CO...

HOWDY, HAL. ALWAYS
GLAD TO SEE YOU, LISE,
HONEY. WHO'S THE ---

BUT
JUST
THEN...





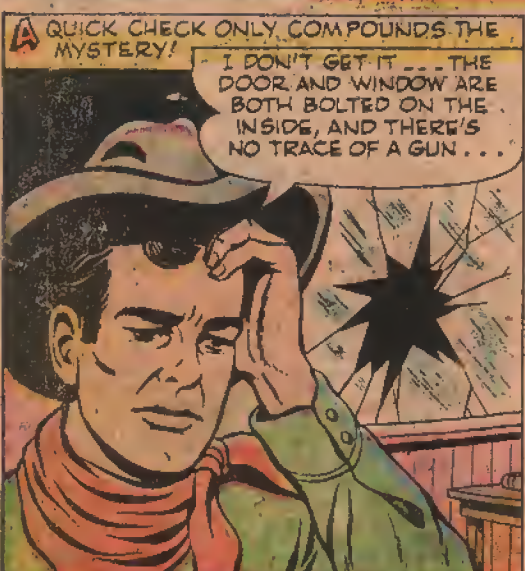
PA, PA...
SPEAK TO
ME!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THE
BACK ROOM...MY OFFICE!



BILLY DASHES INTO MARLIN'S OFFICE...

IT'S EMPTY!
I'LL CHECK
THAT DOOR!



A QUICK CHECK ONLY COMPOUNDS THE
MYSTERY!

I DON'T GET IT...THE
DOOR AND WINDOW ARE
BOTH BOLTED ON THE
INSIDE, AND THERE'S
NO TRACE OF A GUN...



MEANWHILE...

WHAT'S THE
SHOOTIN' ABOUT,
MARLIN? I HEARD
IT CLEAR OVER TO
MY OFFICE!

MR. PRESCOTT'S
BEEN KILLED!



BEATS ME
HOW HE GOT
AWAY....

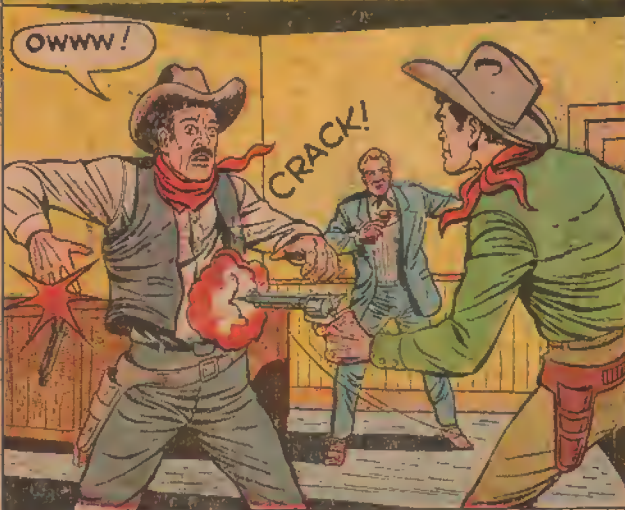
THAT FACE...I'VE
SEEN IT BEFORE! I
KNOW...THE WANTED
POSTER! HE'S BILLY
THE KID!



YOU'RE GONNA COME
PEACEFUL-LIKE, OR
WE GONNA CARRY
YOU OUT, BILLY
THE KID?

YOU'RE GONNA
BE ANSWERED
QUICKER THAN
YOU THINK,
SHERIFF...

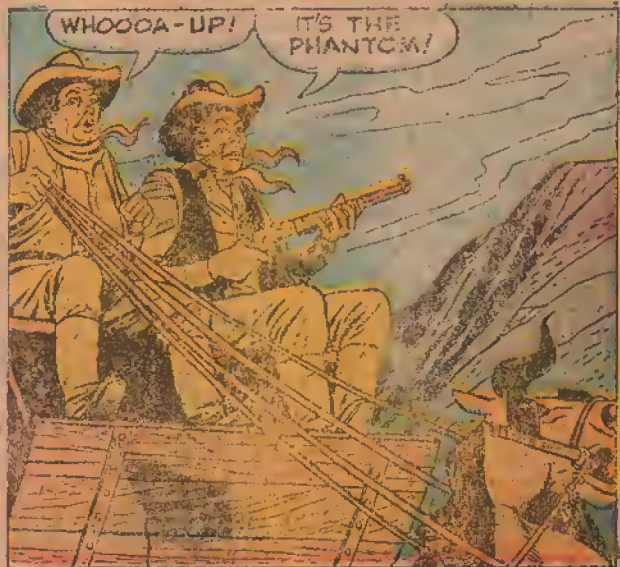
LEARNING LEATHER WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY,
BILLY SHOOTS



YOU DRAW MIGHTY FAST WHEN A MAN'S
FACING THE OTHER WAY, MARLIN!



TWO HOURS LATER ..



PHANTOM, HERE I COME!



LUMINOUS PAINT... THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE WAY IT SHINES! DRIVERLESS, HUH! MY SADDLE AGAINST A PEANUT SAYS THERE'S A DRIVER BEHIND THAT VENT, HANDLING THE REINS..

PILE OUT..YOU SIDE WINDERS!



IF YOU NEED A SHOVE TO GET MOVIN', HERE'S A HOT ONE!



RUSH HIM, MEN, HE CAN'T HURT US!

ONLY ONE THING'LL MAKE A BULLET BOUNCE, AND THAT'S A BULLET-PROOF VEST! BUT I'LL BET YOUR EARS ARE UNPROTECTED!



AIEEE! MY EAR!

YOU GOT THE UPPER HAND ---WE QUIT!



PULL THOSE SHEETS OFF AND TALK FAST... I WANT TO SEE WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS SPOOKIN'!

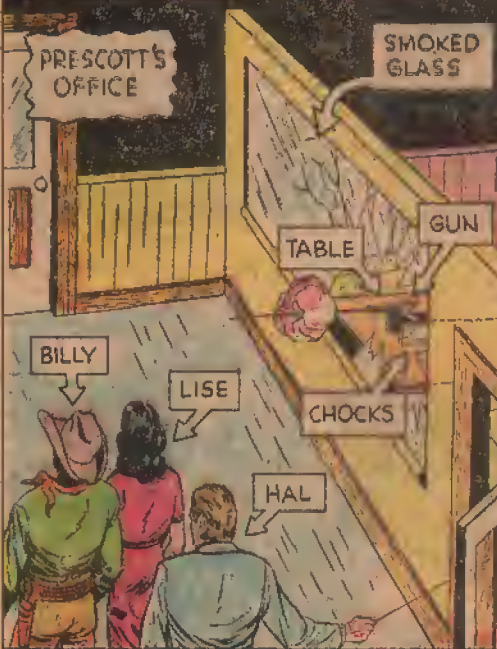
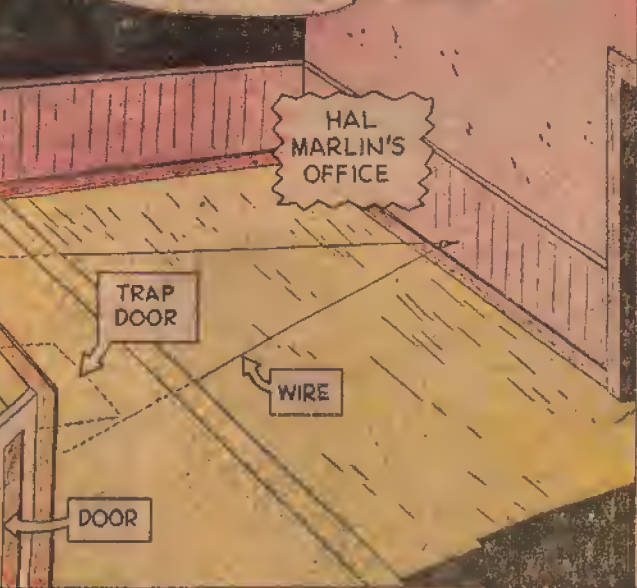


HAL MARLIN'S OUR BOSS. HE WAS OUT TO RUIN PRESCOTT, THEN TAKE OVER THE COMPANY HIMSELF.

WHO KILLED PRESCOTT, AND HOW?



MARLIN DID... PRESCOTT HAD BEGUN SUSPECTING HIM! MARLIN USED TO BE A MECHANIC... HE'S HANDY WITH GADGETS... HE SET UP A GUN ON WOODEN CHOCKS BEHIND THE WINDOW BETWEEN THE OFFICES. WHILE YOU AND THE GAL WERE TALKING TO PRESCOTT, HE TRIGGERED THE GUN OFF WITH A LONG WIRE! IT WAS AIMED RIGHT AT WHERE PRESCOTT ALWAYS SAT... THE RECOIL KNOCKED THE GUN OFF THE SILL DOWN THROUGH A TRAPDOOR. BELOW... THE TRAPDOOR WAS ON A SPRING... IT SPRANG BACK INTO PLACE AFTER THE GUN HAD PASSED THROUGH... YOU TWO WERE WITH MARLIN... SO HE HAD A PERFECT ALIBI!



OK... THAT EXPLAINS IT. NOW ALL YOU SIDE WINDERS WALK AHEAD OF ME BACK TO TOWN.

MARLIN'S STILL WAY AHEAD OF YOU, KID! YOU'RE IN NO SPOT TO PROVE WHAT YOU JUST HEARD. BESIDES, MARLIN'S GETTING THAT FOOL GAL TO SIGN THE COMPANY OVER TO HIM TONIGHT!



BLAST YOU! COULDN'T YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

THANKS FOR THE TIP! YOU MEN TAKE THEM BACK TO TOWN. I'D BETTER GET THERE REAL PRONTO!



BACK IN TOWN - - -

SIGN HERE, MISS LISE.

I HATE DOING THIS WITH PA NOT BURIED YET. BUT PATRUSTED YOU, HAL, AND I WILL TOO.



AT THAT MOMENT



I SEE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! DON'T SIGN ANYTHING, MA'M! MARLIN'S THE VARMINT WHO'S BEEN BEHIND ALL THIS SPOOKIN'. AND HE KILLED YOUR PA!



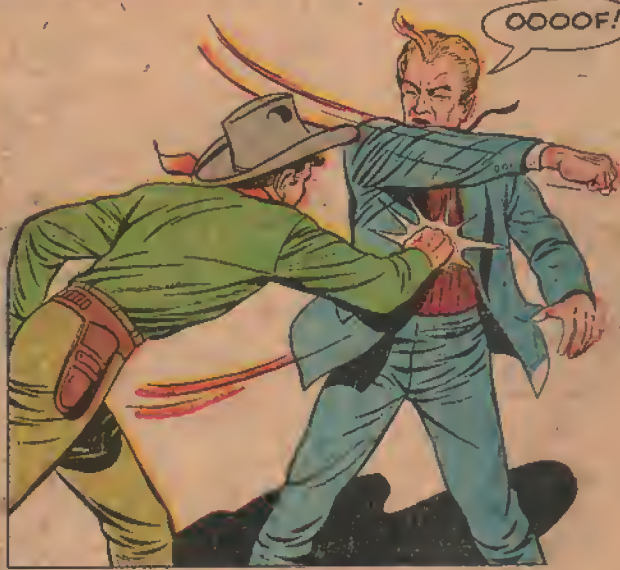
YOU'RE A BIG MAN WITH THAT GUN IN YOUR HAND, BILLY THE KID. FIGHT ME HAND-TO-HAND, AND I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER WAS BORN



THAT WISH'S GONNA BE RAMMED RIGHT BACK INTO YOUR MOUTH!



OOOOF!



UGGGH!



THE NEXT MORNING . . .

THE SHERIFF FOUND THE TRAPDOOR JUST WHERE YOU SAID, BILLY. ALSO PROMISES TO DEVELOP AMNESIA IF YOU SETTLE DOWN HERE TO RUN THE COMPANY FOR ME. I NEED A GOOD MAN.

SORRY, MA'M, I HAVE TO BE MOVING. GLAD I WAS ABLE TO BE OF SERVICE . . .



BILLY THE KID

IN

"The TAMING of SHUGRUE"



BILLY!
LOOK OUT!

MR. ASTOR, 'COME
ROUND-UP TIME
I'M QUITTING!

SORRY, BOSS,
BUT THAT
GOES FOR
ME TOO.

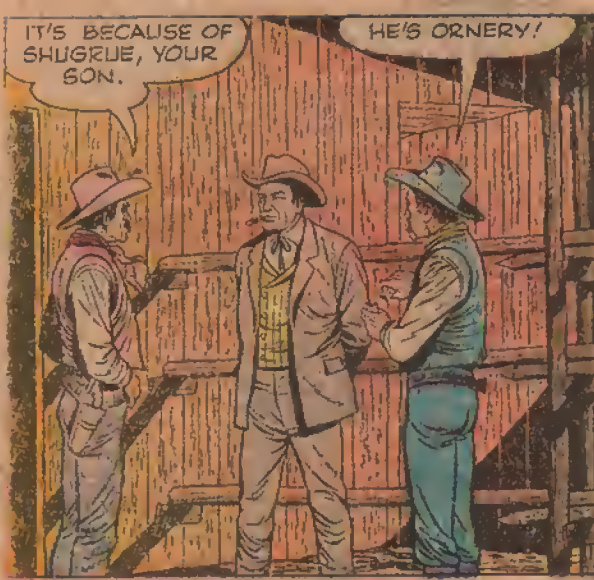
YOU MEN ARE FREE
TO COME AND GO.
I GOT NO RIGHT
TO HOLD YOU
IF YOU WANT
TO GO... BUT
WHY? WHY?

WE
GOT OUR
REASONS.

YOU'VE BEEN ON
THE BAR Q FOR
MANY A YEAR,
STEVE. YOU
OWE IT TO ME
TO AT LEAST
TELL ME
THE TRUTH.

WELL, YOU
GOT A RIGHT
TO KNOW,
AND IT AIN'T
PLEASANT,
BUT I'M GOIN'
TO TELL IT
TO YOU!





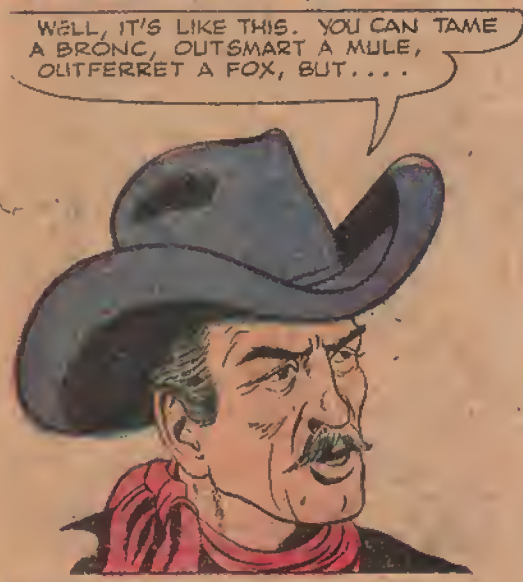
IT'S BECAUSE OF SHUGRUE, YOUR SON.

HE'S ORNERY!



SHUGRUE'S A LITTLE HEADSTRONG, I ADMIT, BUT HE'S A GOOD BOY.

ITAIN'T THE WAY WE FIGURE!



WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS. YOU CAN TAME A BRONC, OUTSMART A MULE, OUTFERRET A FOX, BUT....



BUT YOU CAN NEVER WIN AGAINST A COYOTE, 'LESS YOU GET RID OF HIM! WE'RE AIMING TO GO.



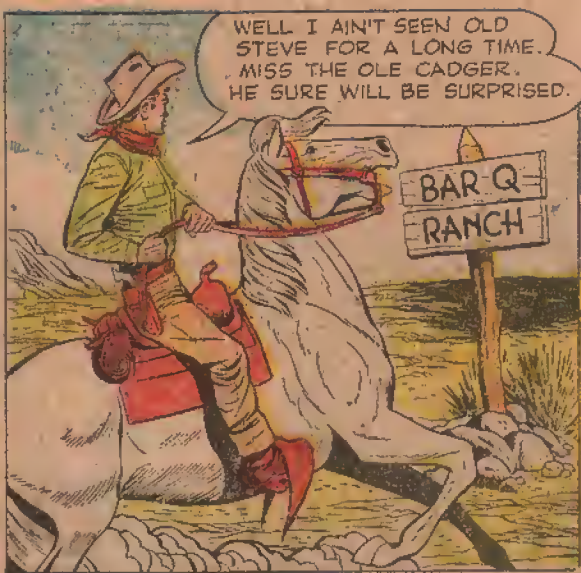
LET 'EM GO, DAD. THEY'RE TIRED OUT TRAMP HANDS ANYWAY. THEY NEVER WERE GOOD FOR MY KIND OF RANCH HAND AND THEY NEVER WILL BE.

BUT SON, THEY'RE FAITHFUL, HONEST, LOYAL....

STOW IT! THEY'RE LIKE CACTUS. THEY JUST BEEN AROUND TOO LONG... DRIED OUT. ALL THEY KNOW IS WHERE THEY GOT ROOTS. LET 'EM GO AT ROUND-UP TIME.



WELL I AIN'T SEEN OLD STEVE FOR A LONG TIME. MISS THE OLE CADGER. HE SURE WILL BE SURPRISED.



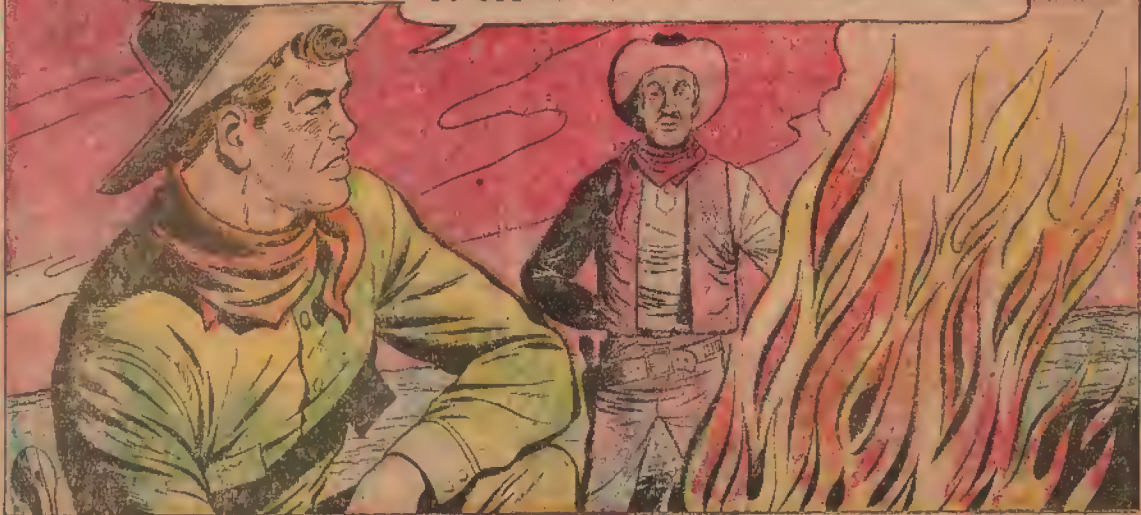
CUSS ME, YOUNGUN, BUT YOU'RE HERE AND ALL IN ONE PIECE. JOIN US FOR THE ROUND-UP AND THEN I'LL JOIN YOU AND WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN.



SO THAT'S THE TALE, YOUNGUN SHUGRUE IS JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME. IF I WAS YOUNGER I'D BUST THE CANTANKEROUS BRONCO, BUT THE FIRE'S OUT OF MY SPIRIT AND MY HEART AIN'T IN IT. OF COURSE, IF I WAS A YOUNGUN, LIKE.....



FORGET IT! AFTER ROUND-UP WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL. I AIN'T AIMING TO PLAY SCHOOLMARM TO A HOTBLOODED HARDHEAD.



YOU BLANKETY BLANK OLD FOOL! I TOLD YOU, I GAVE YOU YOUR ORDERS DIDN'T I? I WANT THE MEN RIDING NOW. GET GOING AND GET GOING PRONTO!

HOLD ON THERE. MY FRIEND STEVE'S BEEN RIDING HERD FOR LONGER'N YOU'VE BEEN BREATHING. THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR RIDING.

KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS AND SADDLE UP AND GET GOING. YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE!

I'M AIMING TO STAY!



I GAVE YOU YOUR WARNING.

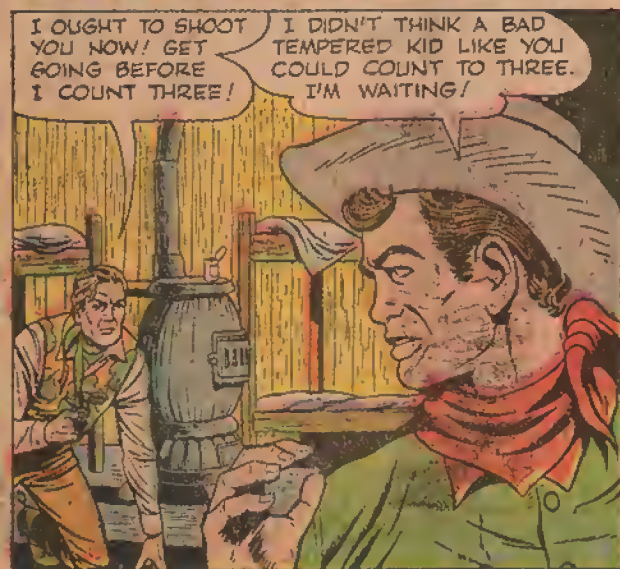


OUCH!



I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU NOW! GET GOING BEFORE I COUNT THREE!

I DIDN'T THINK A BAD TEMPERED KID LIKE YOU COULD COUNT TO THREE. I'M WAITING!



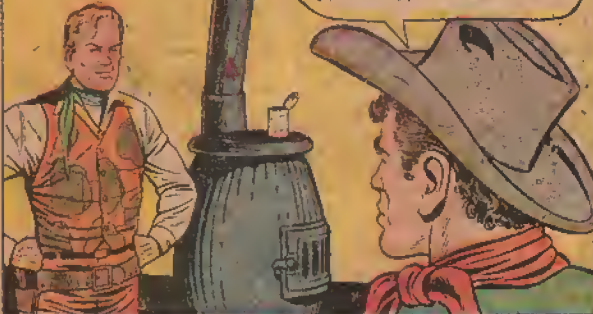
ONE...TWO...

OKAY, YOU WIN, I'M GOING.



WELL BIG MOUTH. GUESS YOU KNOW WHO'S BOSS. YOU RANCH BUMS CAN USE YOUR KNEES IN A MAN'S GUT, BUT HOT LEAD WILL LEARN YOU!

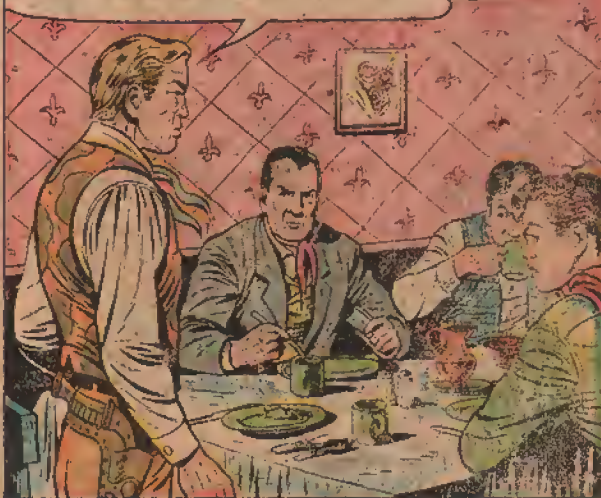
TELL ME SHUGRUE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COUNT OVER AGAIN NOW, WITH YOUR GUN IN YOUR HOLSTER? I'M CALLING YOU! AND JUST SO YOU KNOW WHERE WE STAND, I PROMISE YOU YOUR GUN WILL NEVER LEAVE YOUR HOLSTER!



BEHAVE YOURSELF SHUGRUE. I'M AIMING TO STAY!



I WANT THIS DUST-EATEN RAT RUN, C OF TOWN, DAD. I'LL BET YOU HE'S JUST TWO STEPS AHEAD OF THE SHERIFF ANYWAY.



SHUGRUE, YOUR DAD'S A FINE MAN FROM ALL I HEAR. YOU'VE GOT A GOOD RANCH AND FINE CATTLE. YOU AIN'T A BAD 'UN, YOU'RE JUST MEAN. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SOFTEN YOU UP FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



WHY, YOU.....

KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD, SHUGRUE, AND SERVE YOUR DAD AND ME SOME JAVA!



JAVA YOU WANT, DO YOU...



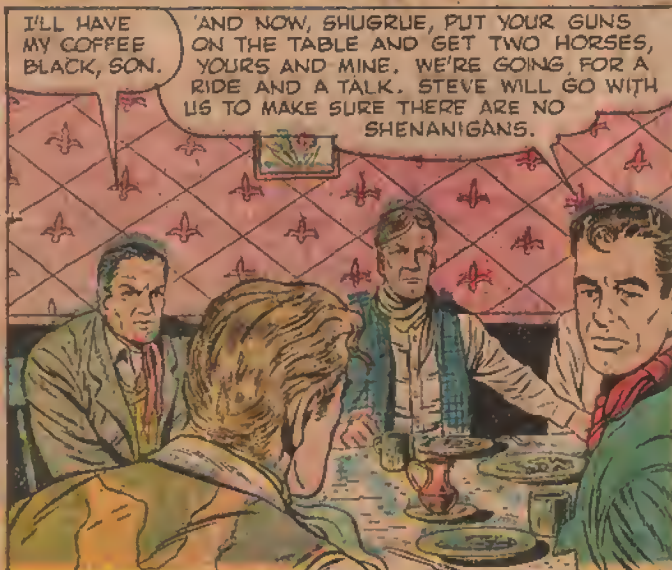
IT'S AN OLD CHEROKEE TRICK, SHUGRUE. I'M LEAVING YOU ONE HAND FREE TO SERVE THAT JAVA, HOT IN A CUP FOR YOUR DAD AND ME. ONE RECKLESS MOVE AND YOU'LL HEAR YOUR BONES CRACK!

DAD, TELL HIM TO STOP. HE'S BREAKING MY ARM!



I'LL HAVE MY COFFEE BLACK, SON.

AND NOW, SHUGRUE, PUT YOUR GUNS ON THE TABLE AND GET TWO HORSES, YOURS AND MINE. WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE AND A TALK. STEVE WILL GO WITH US TO MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO SHENANIGANS.



YOU SEE, SHUGRUE, I WAS WILD LIKE YOU ARE, AND RECKLESS, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A FINE DAD LIKE YOU, ALL THIS CATTLE AND THE GOOD FUTURE YOU GOT AHEAD OF YOU, AND I BECAME A LONE RIDER.



YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE THAT BUCKED ME WHEN I BULLIED 'EM, THAT LICKED ME IN EVERY WAY WHEN I SPAT AT 'EM! WHO ARE YOU?



THEY CALL ME BILLY THE KID.

BILLY THE KID! NO WONDER.



WE'VE HAD A GOOD SEASON. ALL YOU MEN JOINED IN REAL FINE. THERE'S A BONUS FOR ALL OF YOU! NOW I WANT TO ASK YOU MEN, LIKE WE ALWAYS DO AT ROUND-UP TIME, WHO DO YOU THINK DESERVES A SPECIAL BONUS THIS YEAR FOR DOING THE BEST ROUNDING-UP?



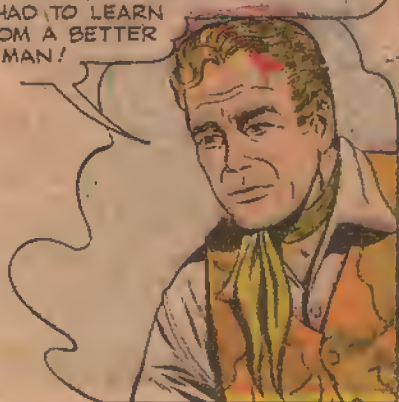
WELL, BOSS, NEVER THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN I COULD SAY THIS AND MEAN THIS, BUT YOUR GOLDANG BLASTED SON PROVED HIMSELF THE BEST BLANKETY BLANK COWHAND IN THE WHOLE OUTFIT... AND I NOMINATE HIM!

HOORAY! HOORAY FOR YOUNG SHUGRUE, HE PROVED HIMSELF!

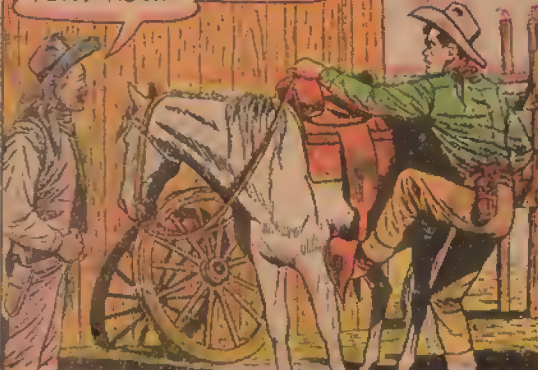
RIGHT!



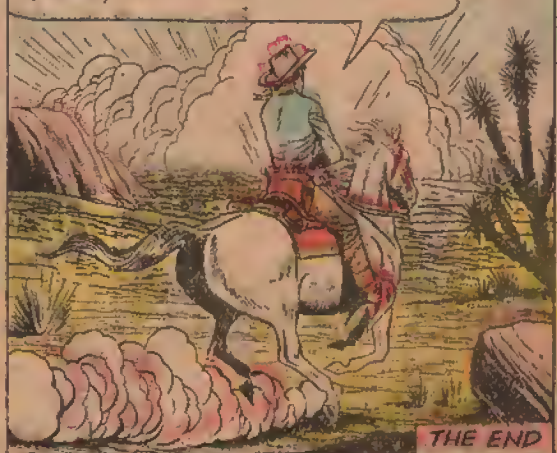
I OWED YOU THE WORK I PUT IN AND MORE. I OWED YOU THE SWEAT I PUT IN AND MORE. AND SOMETHING I AIN'T NEVER DONE, AND THAT'S WHAT I OWE YOU TOO. THANKS TO ALL OF YOU, FORGIVE ME FOR BEING THE CUSS THAT I WAS. I HAD TO LEARN FROM A BETTER MAN!



WELL, BILLY, YOU DONE YOUR CHORE. I NEVER THOUGHT ANY HUMAN COULD DO IT! I NEVER THOUGHT THE KID WAS HUMAN, BUT YOU PROVED THERE'S GOOD IN ALL OF US IF YOU GIVE IT A CHANCE, AND (CHUCKLE) A LITTLE ROUGHING ABOUT! YOU BROKE THE BRONC AND HE'S A TAME PONY NOW.



SURE, THERE'S REAL GOOD IN ALL OF US IF YOU WANT TO FIND IT. SOMETIMES IT'S TOUGH AND SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET YOUR HEAD BROKE, BUT IT'S ALWAYS WORTH IT!



THE END

BILLY THE KID

"The BOW IN and ARROW KID"

BILLY, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY HANDSOME WHEN YOU SMILE. WHY DON'T YOU DO IT MORE OFTEN?

I RECKON I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH OCCASION TO DO MUCH SMILIN', 'FORE COMIN' HERE, JUDY.

I HAVE A FEELIN' THAT THE DAY I SET ABOUT KNOCKIN' THAT SILLY GRIN OFF HIS FACE IS GETTIN' CLOSER AND CLOSER. THEN WE'LL BE SEEIN' HOW HANDSOME JUDY THINKS HE IS!



BILLY HAD ALWAYS BEEN SURE OF A WELCOME AT THE TRIPLE HEART RANCH, BELONGING TO OLD JUDGE HART, A LONG TIME FRIEND OF HIS, WHO ASKED NO QUESTIONS AND DEMANDED NO ANSWERS... BUT THIS VISIT WAS COMPLICATED BY THREE NEW AND DISTURBING FACTORS. THE FIRST WAS THE BEAUTIFUL JUDY HART, THE OLD JUDGE'S GRANDDAUGHTER, JUST RETURNED FROM SCHOOL; THE SECOND WAS PETE PARKER, THE JUDGE'S NEW FOREMAN, OBVIOUSLY SMITTEN WITH JUDY AND JEALOUS OF BILLY; AND THE THIRD WAS A GANG OF RUSTLERS THAT HAD INFESTED THE ENTIRE VALLEY.... STEALING HUNDREDS OF HEADS OF CATTLE. BILLY DID NOT HAVE TO BE A PROPHET TO FORESEE TROUBLE AHEAD SHOULD IT BE DISCOVERED THAT THE JUDGE'S GUEST WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE NOTORIOUS BILLY THE KID!

PETE! PETE PARKER! DID YOU SEE? I BEAT BILLY FAIR AND SQUARE!

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT. YOU AND YOUR HORSE ARE A HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT, JUDY.

I KNOW AN EVEN TOUGHER COMBINATION, BILLY!

AND WHAT'S THAT, PETE?



MY FIST AT THE END OF YOUR JAW!

STOP IT, PETE. YOU'RE TALKING DOWN-
RIGHT SILLY!
DON'T PAY HIM
ANY MIND,
BILLY.



GOT TO PAY
ATTENTION
TO ANY WIND
STORM, JUDY.
NO TELLING
WHERE IT MIGHT
BLOW!

SO I'M A BAG
OF WIND.
COME OFF
THAT HORSE
AND I'LL
SHOW YUH!



OH, GET BACK
ON YOUR
HORSE, PETE
PARKER. BILLY
IS RIGHT. YOU'RE
ALL HORNS AND
RATTLES.

THE LAST THING BILLY WANTED
WAS TO BE THE CAUSE OF A
FIGHT. BETWEEN JUDY AND PETE,
FOR HE KNEW SOMETHING THAT
NEITHER OF THEM DID. AND THAT
WAS THAT THE OLD JUDGE WAS
SET ON THE TWO OF THEM MARRY-
ING WHILE HE WAS STILL AROUND
TO SEE THE CEREMONY!



SURE APPEARS AS
IF YUH'VE PICKED
YERSELF A COLD-
FOOTED HOMBRE,
JUDY.



I HAVEN'T PICKED ANY
HOMBRE, PETE PARKER.
OH, I HATE YOU.... I
HATE ALL MEN!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, JUDY.
I HAVEN'T ANYTHIN' AGAINST
BILLY PERSONALLY... HONEST.
IT'S JUST THAT WITH ALL THESE
RUSTLERS ABOUT, I JUST
DON'T WANT YUH GETTIN'
MIXED UP WITH BAD
COMPANY. AND I
KEEP HEARIN' ALL
SORTS OF RUMORS
ABOUT BILLY!



HE'S AN OLD FRIEND
OF MY GRANDDAD'S
AND THAT'S ENOUGH
FOR ME.... AND
SHOULD BE FOR YOU.
YOU'RE JUST
JEALOUS,
THAT'S ALL!

JEALOUS, AM I? WHY YUH LITTLE
SQUIRT, THINKIN' YUH'RE A
WOMAN. NO MAN WORTH HIS
SALT'D LOOK TWICE AT YUH!



PETE! PETE!
COME BACK
--- WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



TO TOWN, WHERE
I CAN SEE SOME
REAL FEMALES,
NOT SHORT CHANGE
COW BUNNIES!

AND THAT'S MY CUE FOR
RAISIN' DUST. I'D BETTER
GIVE THEM BOTH A CHANCE
TO COOL OFF. ANY
MARRIAGE THEY MAKE IS
SURE GOIN' TO BE A
MIGHTY PUMPY BUT
INTERESTIN' ONE!



HAVE EITHER OF YOU SEEN PETE? THAT BUCKAROO'S NEVER AROUND WHEN I WANT HIM.

PASSED HIM ON THE ROAD A WHILE— BACK, JUDGE. JUDY HERE STOPPED TO TALK TO HIM.

HE'S GONE TO TOWN, AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED; HE NEED NEVER COME BACK!



OH, YOU DON'T YOUNG LADY? WELL IT SO HAPPENS I DO. BILLY, WOULD YOU MIND RIDING TO TOWN AND FETCHING HIM BACK?

BE GLAD TO, JUDGE, 'CEPT FROM THE WAY HE WAS TOSSIN' HIS WORDS AROUND A WHILE BACK, I RECKON HE MIGHT BE A LITTLE RAMBUNCTIOUS!



IF YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF HIM, I'LL BE GLAD TO RIDE IN WITH YOU!

WHY, I'D BE POWERFULLY PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR COMPANY, JUDY. MIGHT NEED YOUR PROTECTION AT THAT.



BILLY, GLANCING AT THE ANGRY GIRL RIDING NEXT TO HIM, GRINNED SLOWLY TO HIMSELF. HE'D DONE MANY THINGS IN HIS LIFE, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVER FOUND HIMSELF PLAYING CUPID, THE BOW AND ARROW KID!



IT'S PETE AND HE'S FIGHTING AGAIN. BILLY, YOU MUST STOP HIM!

WHY? PETE LOOKS MIGHTY CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF. I DON'T SEE ANY NEED FOR MIXIN' IN!



YOU'RE A COWARD, BILLY... AND I DESPISE COWARDS!



BILLY WAS POSITIVE OF IT NOW. HELPING THE BOW AND ARROW KID WAS THE TOUGHEST JOB HE'D EVER TACKLED! BUT ALL HE COULD DO NOW WAS TO KEEP A WEATHER EYE ON BOTH PETE AND JUDY TO MAKE SURE NEITHER OF THEM GOT INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY COULD HANDLE!



JUDY, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

PETE, YOU STOP THIS FIGHTING AT ONCE! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!



HEY, PETE, WATCH IT... -- DUCK!

OH, NO!



NOW THAT WAS AS PRETTY A KAYO AS EVER I'VE SEEN!

EVEN IF YOU HAD TO UGE A SNEAK PUNCH, EH?



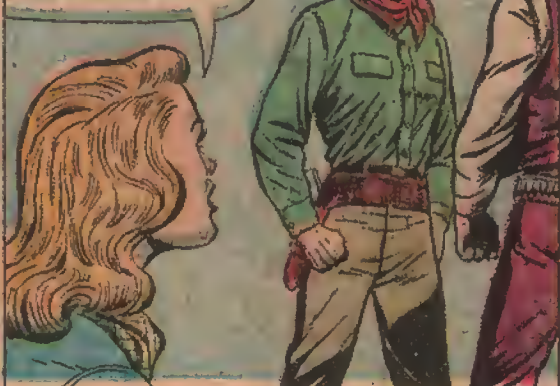
WANT TO MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT? THET LITTLE SCRAP DIDN'T EVEN DISTURB MY BREATHIN' AND I RECKON I COULD MOP UP THE ROAD WITH YUH, WITHOUT MESSIN' MY HAIR!

FROM WHERE I STAND YOUR HAIR LOOKS LIKE IT COULD STAND A LITTLE COMBIN'!



OH, STOP IT, YOU TWO. ALL OF A SUDDEN, BILLY, YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO FIGHT. IF YOU HAD BEEN HALF AS EAGER BEFORE, PETE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

NOW THAT'S LOGIC FOR YOU. REAL FEMALE LOGIC!



YER WISH IS MY COMMAND. AND LUCKY FER YER PALS THET'S SO!

YOU SURE BE-LIEVE IN AIRIN' YOUR LUNGS, MISTER. MIGHTY FREE AND EASY!



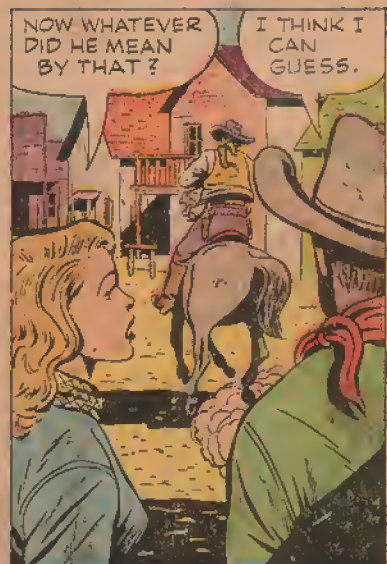
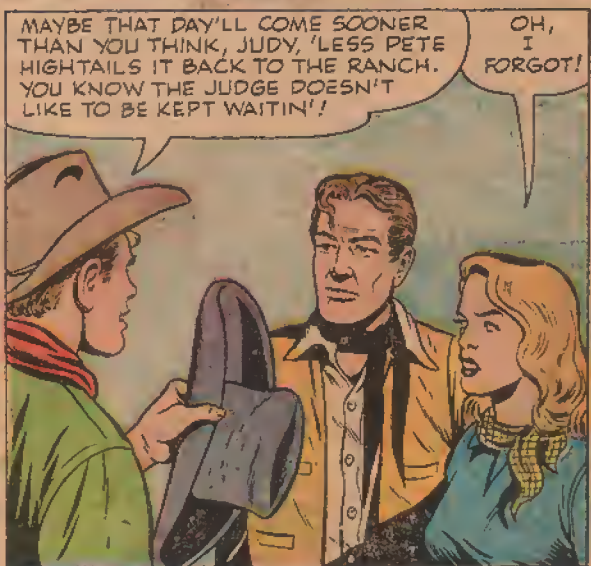
I TELL YUH, MISS HART, YUH'VE GOT THE WIDEST SKIRTS I EVER DID SEE.

I HAVE?



YUH SURE HAVE. THEY'VE GOT TO BE ... TO HIDE TWO MEN BEHIND'EM... PARTICULARLY IF ONE OF THEM HAPPENS TO BE BILLY THE KID!

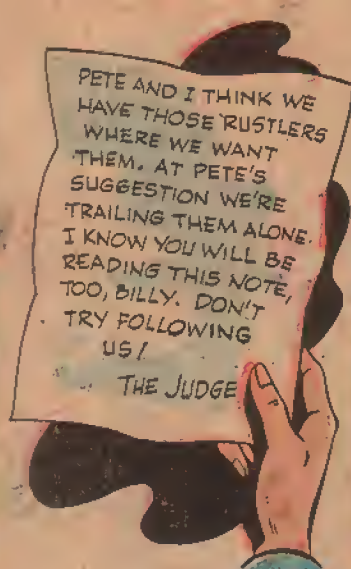






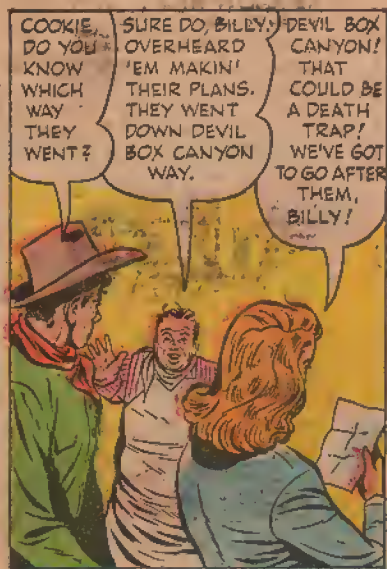
IT'S FROM THE JUDGE, MISS JUDY. HE SAID FER ME TO MAKE SURE YUH READ IT PRONTO

THANKS, COOKIE.



PETE AND I THINK WE HAVE THOSE RUSTLERS WHERE WE WANT THEM. AT PETE'S SUGGESTION WE'RE TRAILING THEM ALONE. I KNOW YOU WILL BE READING THIS NOTE, TOO, BILLY. DON'T TRY FOLLOWING US!

THE JUDGE



COOKIE, DO YOU KNOW WHICH WAY THEY WENT?

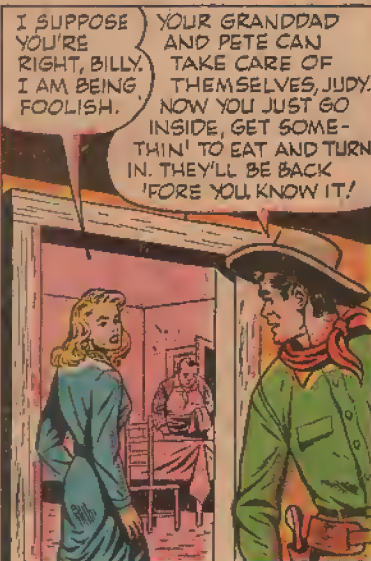
SURE DO, BILLY. OVERHEARD 'EM MAKIN' THEIR PLANS. THEY WENT DOWN DEVIL BOX CANYON WAY.

DEVIL BOX CANYON! THAT COULD BE A DEATH TRAP! WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM, BILLY!



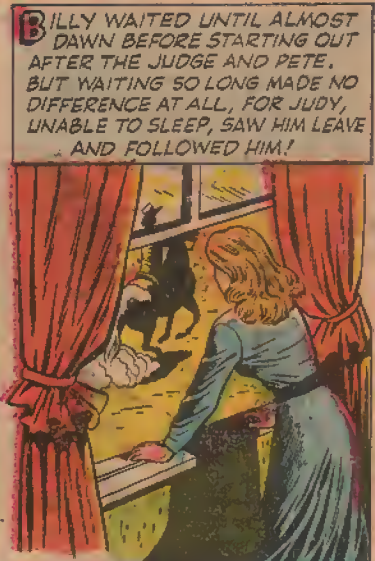
DON'T STOP ME, BILLY. EVEN IF YOU WON'T GO, I'M GOING!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO ONCE YOU GOT THERE? IT'S GETTIN' DARK AND IT'S A MIGHTY TICKLISH JOB PETE AND YOUR GRANDDAD HAVE SET OUT TO DO, TRACKING DOWN THOSE RUSTLERS ALONE. YOU'D SURE FIX THINGS UP PROPER!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY. I AM BEING FOOLISH.

YOUR GRANDDAD AND PETE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, JUDY. NOW YOU JUST GO INSIDE, GET SOMETHIN' TO EAT AND TURN IN. THEY'LL BE BACK 'FORE YOU KNOW IT!



BILLY WAITED UNTIL ALMOST DAWN BEFORE STARTING OUT AFTER THE JUDGE AND PETE. BUT WAITING SO LONG MADE NO DIFFERENCE AT ALL, FOR JUDY, UNABLE TO SLEEP, SAW HIM LEAVE AND FOLLOWED HIM!



AFTER ALL, BILLY IS A DANGEROUS OUT-LAW, AND JUST BECAUSE HE DID GRANDDAD A FAVOR YEARS AGO, IS NO REASON TO KEEP ON TRUSTING HIM FOREVER. WHY, FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE MIGHT BE ONE OF THE RUSTLERS THEMSELVES! WONDER WHICH WAY HE WENT?



IT'S THE JUDGE'S GRAND-DAUGHTER!

WHO ARE YOU? LET ME THROUGH!

NOT SO FAST, GAL WE AIN'T AIMIN' TO HURT YUH, 'LONG AS YUH COME ALONG PEACEFUL AND CAUSE US NO TROUBLE!

IT'S THE LONG-HAIRED HOMBRE THAT WAS FIGHTIN' WITH PETE ... HE'S ONE OF THE RUSTLERS! NO WONDER HE KNEW JUDY'S NAME AS WELL AS KNOWIN' WHO I WAS. THIS CALLS FOR SOME MIGHTY FAST BUT CAREFUL THINKIN'!



IT'S BILLY! OH, I'M SO GLAD IT'S YOU!



I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME RIDIN' OUT HERE, JUDY. NOW, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. HEY, LONG HAIR, HOW 'BOUT ME THROWIN' IN WITH YOU?

BEEN EXPECTIN' YUH, BILLY, EVER SINCE I HEARD YUH WAS HOLIN' UP AT THE TRIPLE HEART. YER WELCOME. I KIN ALWAYS USE A GOOD MAN!



ONCE AN OUTLAW, ALWAYS AN OUTLAW! THAT'S WHAT GRANDDAD GETS FOR BEING NICE TO YOU. TURNING RIGHT AROUND AND JOINING THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ROBBING HIM!



SURE. WHY NOT? A MAN'S GOT TO LIVE, HASN'T HE?

NOW, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



DON'T WASTE TIME ASKIN' SILLY QUESTIONS. KEEP GOIN' AND GOIN' FAST!

FIGURED YUH'D PULL SOME SORT OF DOUBLE CROSS, BILLY. YUH DIDN'T FOOL ME NONE ASKIN' TO JOIN UP WITH US. YUH ACTED A MITE FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, THAT'S ALL.



NOW WHAT 'MAKES YOU THINK I'M PULLIN' A DOUBLE CROSS? I JUST WANTED THE GIRL OUT OF THE WAY, WHILE YOU AND I TALKED BUSINESS.

AIN'T NO BUSINESS TO DISCUSS. HE AND MY BOYS'VE MADE ENOUGH RUSTLIN' CATTLE AROUND HERE TO SATISFY US FER AWHILE. SO WE'RE READY, TO PULL STAKES. JEST FIGURED WE'D TAKE THE GIRL 'LONG AS A HOSTAGE 'TIL WE GOT ACROSS THE BORDER. BUT NOW I GOT ME A BETTER IDEA.



AND THAT IS?

PEOPLE SEEN TALKIN' PLENTY 'BOUT YUH STAYIN' WITH THE JEDGE. IF THEY WAS TO FIND YUH STRUNG UP... AND THE RUSTLIN' STOPS THE SAME TIME, THEY'LL BE PUTTIN' TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND COMIN' UP WITH A MIGHTY SATISFACTORY ANSWER TO THEM AND TO US!



BANG! BANG!

BUT NOT TO ME, YOU MAVERICK SAMSON!



CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH. IF I SHOOT, I MIGHT BE PUTTIN' WINDOWS IN THE SKULL OF THE WRONG GUY.

I WOULDN'T BE THINKIN' OF DOIN' ANYTHIN' LIKE THAT IF I WERE YUH, VARMIN'T, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT YUH COVERED WITH TWO VERY DELICATE TRIGGERS!

HAD ENOUGH?

'NUFF!
'NUFF!

CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOU, BILLY?

FORGET IT, JUDY. I'LL ADMIT IT SURE LOOKED BAD FROM WHERE YOU SAT. YOU COULDN'T KNOW THAT I'D SEEN THE JUDGE AND PETE RIDIN' IN FROM THE OTHER END OF THE CANYON.

THAT FIGHT YOU HAD IN TOWN WITH LONG HAIR WAS ABOUT ME, WASN'T IT, PETE?

IN A WAY, BILLY. LONG HAIR WAS SPILLIN' HIS MOUTH OFF 'BOUT THE JUDGE BEIN' MIXED UP IN THE 'RUSTLIN' 'CAUSE YOU WERE STAYIN' AT THE TRIPLE HEART. I COULDN'T LET ANYBODY TALK THAT ... 'BOUT THE JUDGE NOHOW AND SO ONE WORD KIND OF LED TO ANOTHER AND ... WELL, YUH SAW WHAT HAPPENED.

PETE WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT MY HAVING YOU, BILLY, AS A GUEST AT TRIPLE HEART THAT HE INSISTED UPON US GOING OUT AFTER THE RUSTLERS, ONCE I TOLD HIM I HAD DEFINITE INFORMATION THEY'D BE AT DEVIL BOX CANYON. GUESS HE FIGURED THAT IF WE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS OURSELVES, THAT WE WOULD SILENCE ANY AND ALL OF MY CRITICS!

SO THAT IS WHY YOU WERE FIGHTING, OUT CHASING RUSTLERS AND EVERYTHING. YOU WERE PROTECTING GRANDDAD'S HONOR. OH, DARLING, THAT WAS WONDERFUL OF YOU!

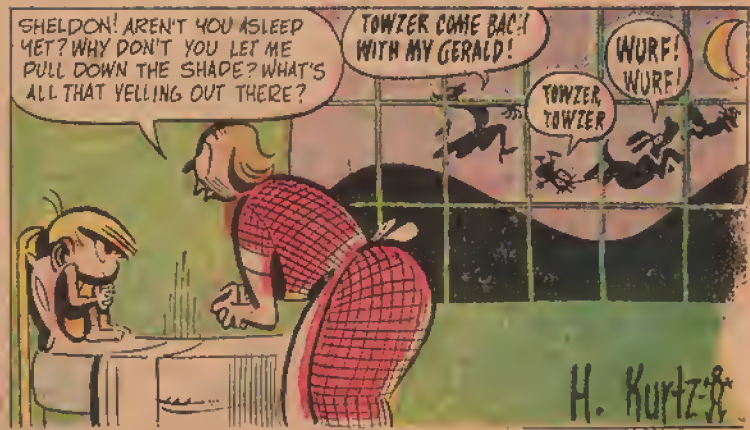
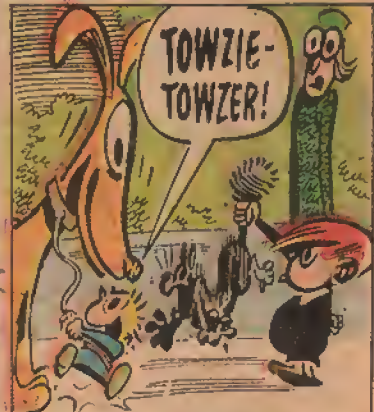
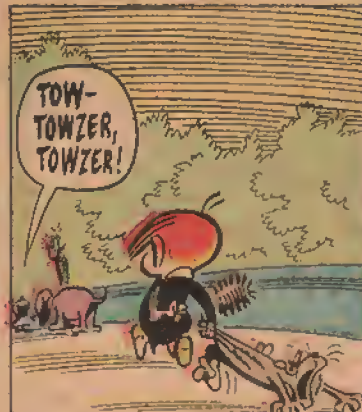
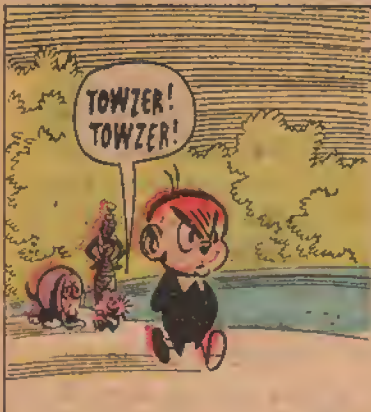
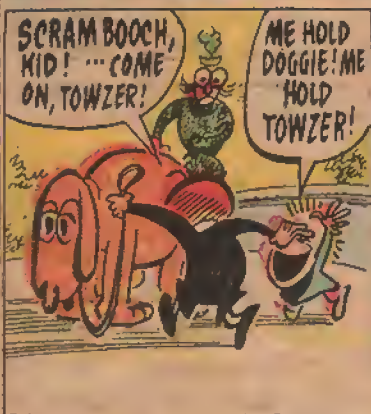
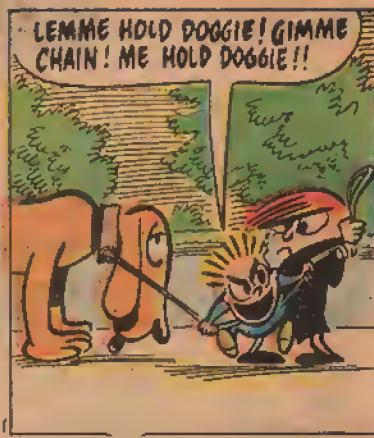
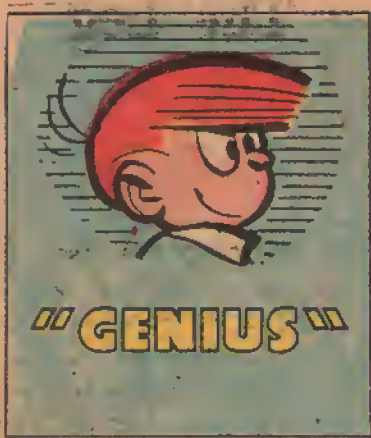
SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHIN'...

HEY, DID I HEAR RIGHT? YUH CALLED ME DARLIN'!

JUDGE, I RECKON THE BOW AND ARROW KID HAS MADE ANOTHER BULLS-EYE!

WITH YOUR HELP, BILLY. OF COURSE, YOU'LL STAY FOR THE WEDDING?

SURE WILL, JUDGE. I ADMIRE WEDDIN'S. THAT IS, AS LONG AS I'M NOT THE ONE GETTIN' HITCHED!



H. Kurtz

The Case Of The Bullet In The Leg

By BENTON RICE



HIS Honor, Judge William H. Sampson, looked once about the crowded court room before he fixed his eyes on the defendant standing before him. "Mr. Joseph Perino," he announced. "Have you anything to say before this court passes sentence upon you?"

As he stood before the judge, the short, stocky Mr. Perino shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. He was visibly nervous and timidly answered the question. "Nothing to say, your Honor," he replied. "The sooner we get this over with, the better. Go ahead and pass sentence on me."

A young, athletic looking man walked up to the side of the defendant. He was Howard Person Layton, affectionately called by the press the fighting District Attorney, since he fearlessly crusaded against crime in the city. "Your Honor," he began. "I have a few words to say about this case." "You may proceed, Mr. District Attorney," said the judge.

Howard Person Layton looked piteously at the defendant and then began to speak. "Mr. Perino is not a criminal and I believe he was forced to confess to something he is not guilty of. His record shows he is an honest business man with a good reputation in the community. He has a wife and three grown children. He has within his power the chance to rid this community of the worst racketeer it has ever had. The facts are clear. Fred Poppers, alias Fred Da Vinto, known as 'The Boss', controls the protection racket in this town. Mr. Perino was delinquent in paying his weekly five dollars to Poppers' 'protective association.' This weekly payment was made by Perino and countless other frightened store owners to insure safety to their property. If they kept up

their payments everything was fine. If they didn't, likely as not their property was severely damaged by hoodlums. In Mr. Perino's case, although his own store was left unharmed, he was frightened into confessing his guilt in the damaging of the shoe repair store next to his. Mr. Poppers was determined to further insure his silence in the following way. He arranged to meet Perino at Third and Pine Streets one Friday night, shot him in the leg with his thirty-eight and told him this was an example of what would happen to his family if he ever changed his confession. Originally three witnesses testified in my office to this event. Frightened, however, they have all since vanished. To make matters worse, we have the .38 gun and the sworn statement of Fred Poppers that he was out in the country at that time taking pop shots at little rabbits. Now if Mr. Perino would permit us to take the bullet out of his leg, the laboratory experts could prove it came from Poppers' gun. And that means a three-year sentence for perjury for Poppers. Once behind bars, his racket would collapse and people would testify as to what has really taken place. But Mr. Perino is afraid of what may happen to his family, even though my office has offered him complete police protection for every member of his family."

At this point the judge gave Perino another opportunity to speak, but again he refused. "Bailiff," Judge Sampson declared, "take the defendant back to the county jail. Monday he will be transferred to State Prison for a period of not less than one year nor more than three."

District Attorney Layton, disturbed as he was at the turn of events, was deter-

mined not to think of the case over the weekend. He'd spend his time off at home—maybe have some football practise with his twelve-year-old son Tommy, and start the case anew on Monday. Tommy, however, was not at the dinner table when Layton arrived home. "And what criminal deed has Tommy done today?" asked a parent who knew the answer would spell something wrong. "This," announced Mrs. Layton as she handed her husband a small metal box. He looked at the label for a minute and then he knew the key to the solution of his problem—the problem of getting the bullet out of the right leg of Mr. Perino. He dropped the metal box into his pocket, linked arms with his wife and made a beeline for Tommy's room.

A startled twelve-year-old, with freckled face, unruly hair, and a small snub nose tried to make sense out of what his father said. "Tommy," proclaimed the District Attorney, "for what you did to your friends, I cannot forgive you. But because of special circumstances, sentence is suspended. You may go right downstairs now and eat supper. In addition, you may have my slice of apple pie as a bonus." Tommy was too excited at the thought of having another slice of apple pie to think about why he had been forgiven. Mrs. Layton wanted to know just one thing. "Aren't you going to eat supper?" The answer was a polite but definite, "No, thank you."

Howard Person Layton watched the speedometer on his car pass sixty as he drove down Highway 112. A siren warned him a motorcycle cop was behind him. He slowed down and stopped. An angry State Trooper came up to the car and then his expression changed. "Anything wrong, Mr. D.A.?" "I must get to the county jail in a hurry," was the answer. "I'll drive ahead and you follow," said the State Trooper. "We ought to make it in an hour."

Warden Louis Capper shrugged his shoulders. He was a hard, tough man in charge of a large prison. "The plan sounds far-fetched to me," he admitted. "Yet I

guess if I were you, I'd try anything to get that bullet out of Perino's leg. Since he's a deep sleeper I'll do as you suggest." Warden Capper instructed one of his men to enter the sleeping Perino's cell, place the powder on the inside of his right trouser leg. He further instructed the engineer to turn up maximum heat so as to make the cell as warm as possible. Finally, he had the doctor and nurse standing by for orders.

"What's next?" asked the puzzled warden. The District Attorney looked at the large wall clock. It was five minutes after twelve. "In about six hours, when the men awake for breakfast and dress, we should have results."

Joseph Perino walked into the large dining room of the county prison. As he sat down to breakfast, a terrible, itchy pain shot through his right leg. It was unbearable. He scratched and scratched and then shouted, "Help, Guard. I think I have gangrene. Take me to the doctor. I don't want to lose this leg."

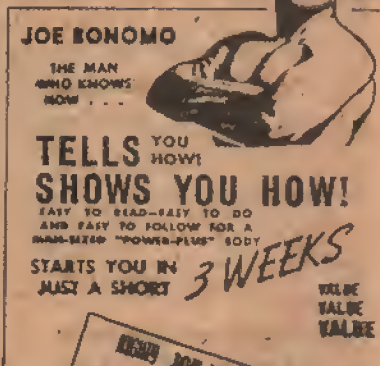
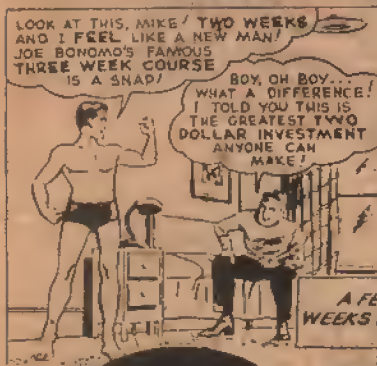
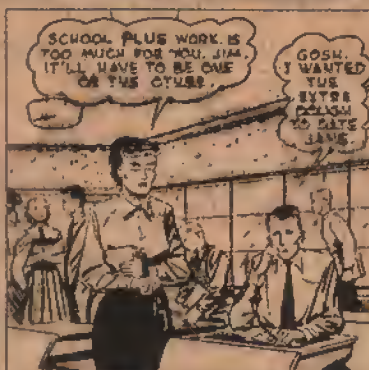
A tired District Attorney peeped through the comparison microscope of Ballistics. "The slug that was taken from Perino's leg is the same as the one we fired from Popper's .38. Notice the markings," explained Detective Donald Cooperman, in charge of Ballistics at Police Headquarters. And a tired but happy District Attorney forced a smile. "This ends the career of Mr. Fred Poppers and dooms his racket."

The rest is now ancient history. Mr. Perino received a suspended sentence for his unwilling cooperation with the law. Mr. Poppers received first a sentence for perjury. By the time his victims were through testifying, he had some thirty-odd more years to serve.

As for Tommy Layton, he had a justifiable complaint. "It was my box of itching powder that did the trick. You'd think my pop would at least buy me another box!"

THE END

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HOTTEST THING IN THE RING TODAY IS PERCY--THE PUG WITH THE PERFECT PROFILE. HIS STRING OF 47 KNOCK-OUTS IS AN IMPOSING ONE, EVEN FOR "KID" SCIENCE WHO HAS AGREED TO MEET HIM IN A CHARITY BOUT FOR THE LOCAL POLIO FUND.

KID SCIENCE

by VIL HERMAN

HOLD IT, PERCY!

SAY PERCY-- YOU'RE SURE DRESSED TO KILL!

I DO ALL MY KILLING IN THE RING-- PRINT THAT, BOYS!

"THE PUG WITH THE PERFECT PROFILE"
A KID SCIENCE ADVENTURE

I HEAR YOU'RE FIGHTING KID SCIENCE, NEXT WEEK. IS THAT RIGHT?

I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE MUCH OF A FIGHT--IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

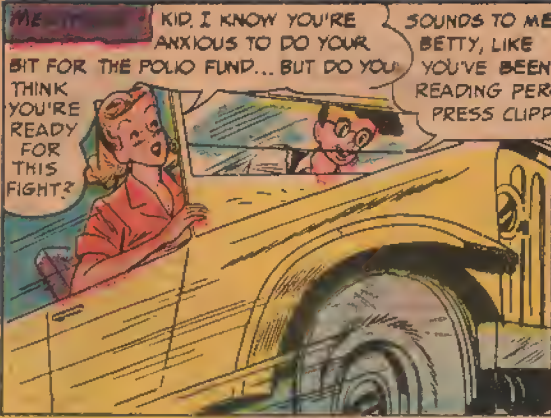
SOMEBODY SAID THE KID'S GIVING ALL HIS PURSE TO THE POLIO FUND.

YEAH--HE'S FIGHTING FOR ONE BUCK--THE REST GOES TO CHARITY.

HOW ABOUT YOU, PERCY? ARE YOU GIVING YOUR PURSE TO CHARITY?

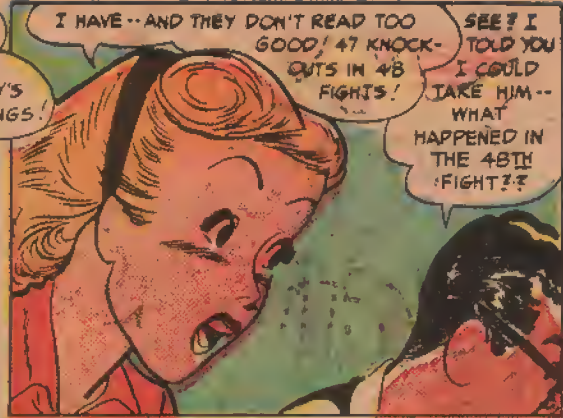
OF COURSE, BOYS! I'M GIVING MY PURSE TO MY FAVORITE CHARITY--

--MYSELF!



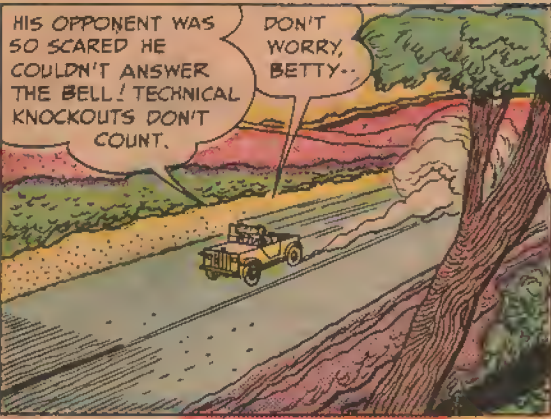
ME... KID, I KNOW YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO DO YOUR BIT FOR THE POLIO FUND... BUT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE READY FOR THIS FIGHT?

SOUNDS TO ME, BETTY, LIKE YOU'VE BEEN READING PERCY'S PRESS CLIPPINGS!



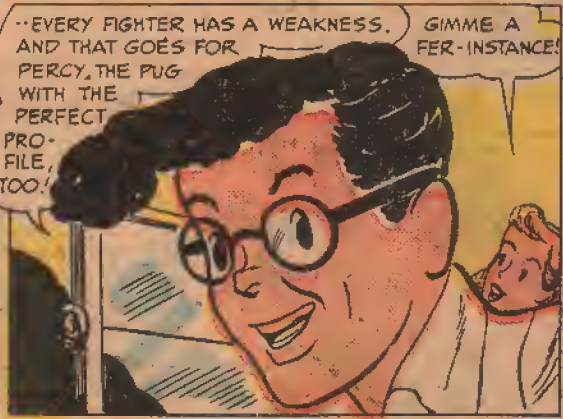
I HAVE... AND THEY DON'T READ TOO GOOD! 47 KNOCK-OUTS IN 48 FIGHTS!

SEE? I TOLD YOU I COULD TAKE HIM-- WHAT HAPPENED IN THE 48TH FIGHT??



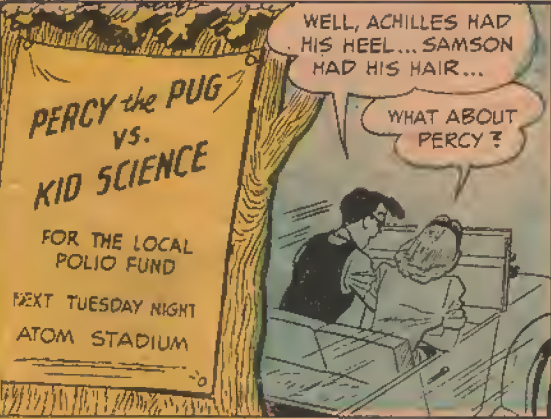
HIS OPPONENT WAS SO SCARED HE COULDN'T ANSWER THE BELL! TECHNICAL KNOCKOUTS DON'T COUNT.

DON'T WORRY, BETTY...



...EVERY FIGHTER HAS A WEAKNESS. AND THAT GOES FOR PERCY, THE PUG WITH THE PERFECT PRO-FILE, TOO!

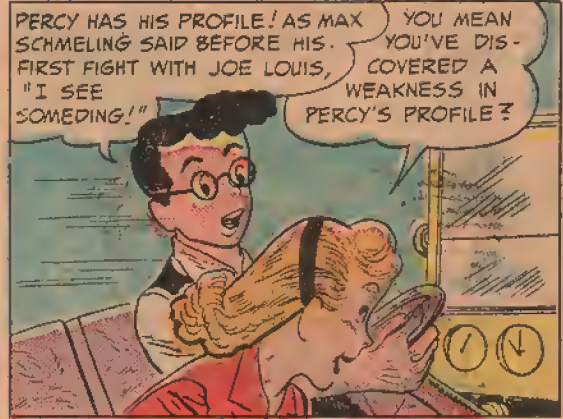
GIMME A FER-INSTANCE!



PERCY the PUG vs. KID SCIENCE
FOR THE LOCAL POLIO FUND
NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT
ATOM STADIUM

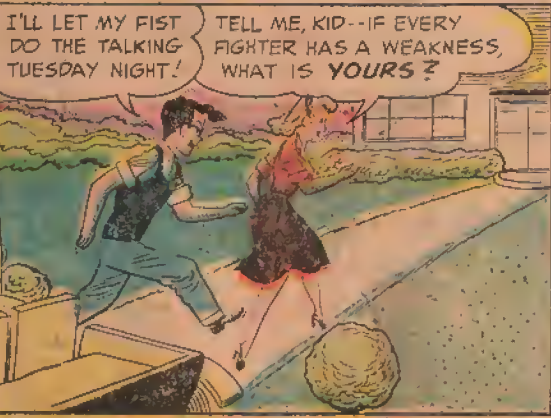
WELL, ACHILLES HAD HIS HEEL... SAMSON HAD HIS HAIR...

WHAT ABOUT PERCY?



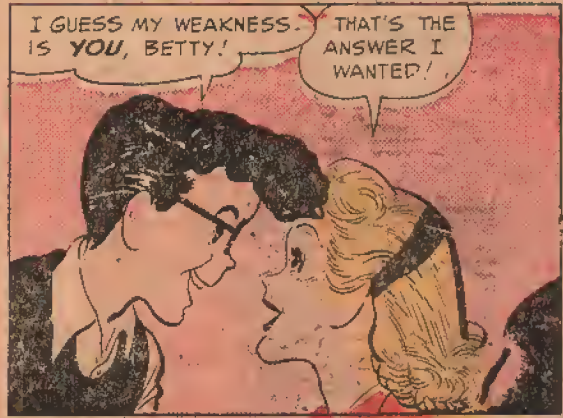
PERCY HAS HIS PROFILE! AS MAX SCHMELING SAID BEFORE HIS FIRST FIGHT WITH JOE LOUIS, "I SEE SOMEDING!"

YOU MEAN YOU'VE DISCOVERED A WEAKNESS IN PERCY'S PROFILE?



I'LL LET MY FIST DO THE TALKING TUESDAY NIGHT!

TELL ME, KID--IF EVERY FIGHTER HAS A WEAKNESS, WHAT IS **YOURS**?



I GUESS MY WEAKNESS IS **YOU**, BETTY!

THAT'S THE ANSWER I WANTED!

AND SO THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT ARRIVES...

DO BE CAREFUL, KID--HE
LOOKS AWFULLY
BIG!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE,
THE HARDER
THEY FALL, BETTY!

BONG!

HELLO, PUNK! I BEEN
WAITING TO GET YOU IN
THE RING FOR A LONG
TIME!

REALLY?

YEAH! I HEAR YOU'RE
GIVIN' YOUR PURSE
TO CHARITY--

SQUISH!

TRYIN' TO MAKE A BUM OUT OF ME,
EH? IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU DAT
SPOIL THE FIGHT RACKET FOR
GUYS LIKE ME!

CRACK!

SO YA WANNA BE A HERO, EH? PLAY
THAT ON YOUR
CATGUT!

OOOOOOOF!

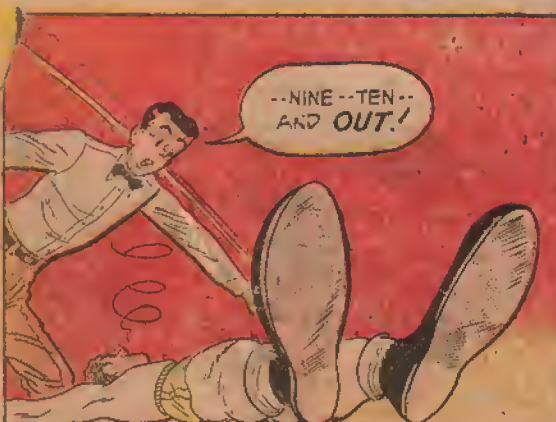
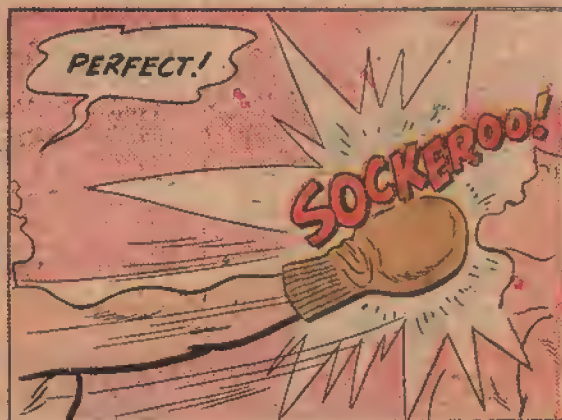
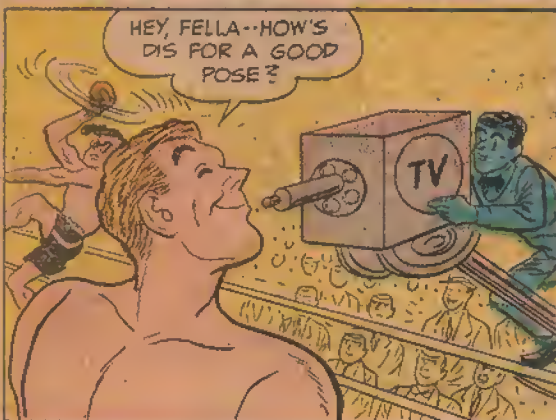
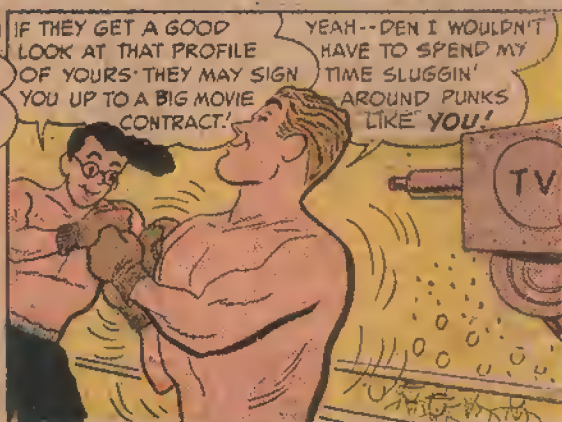
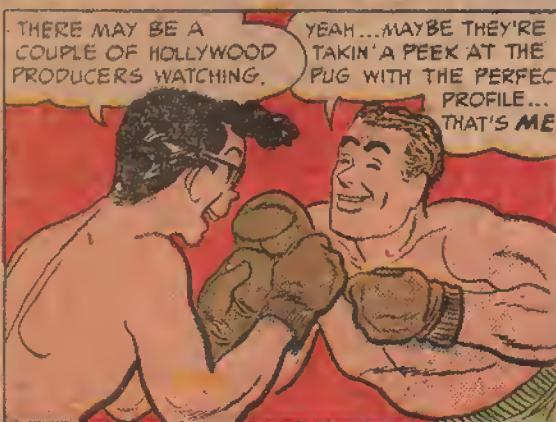
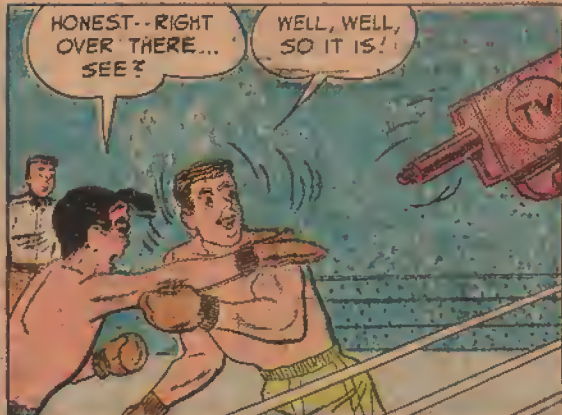
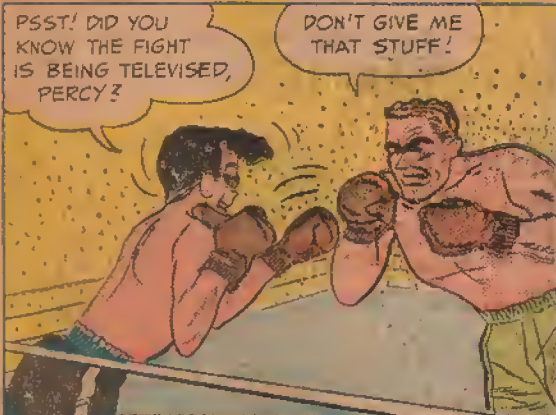
BETWEEN ROUNDS-- HE'S A DIRTY
FIGHTER, JUST
LIKE I WARNED YOU. LISTEN TO THE
CROWD BOOING!

BOOOO!

I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE **PSYCHOLOGY**
ON HIM... JUST TO PROVE MY THEORY THAT
BRAINS CAN DO A
JOB ON BRAWN.

ANY DAY IN
THE WEEK
...DIRTY
BRAWN
TOO!

BONNING!



IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



THE SAVIOR

Hands move as if giving a Blessing. Eyes piously close and open. The Flaming Heart and Stained Window present an air of Holiness. Truly a spiritual exaltation.



MADONNA

The Blessed Virgin looks at you lifting her lovely face and hands in prayer. Her moving lips seem to speak to you. This is a miracle surpassing all wonder.

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